



*Fy let us a' to the Bridal.*

And fy let us a' to the bridal, For there will be litting there; For

Allegretto

Jock's to be married to Jenny, The lass wi' the gow-den hair, And

there will be lang kail and cas-tocks, And bannocks of barley-meal, And

there will be gude sawt herrings, To re-lish cogs of gude ale. And fyde

Fine

Da Capo

## FY, LET US A' TO THE BRIDAL.

AND fy, let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be lilting there;  
 For Jock's to be married to JENNY,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.  
 And there will be lang kail and eastocks,  
 And bannocks of barley-meal;  
 And there will be gude sawt-herrings,  
 To relish eogs of gude ale.  
 And fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be SAUNDIE the sutor,  
 And WILL wi' the meikle mou';  
 And there will be ANDREW the blutor,  
 Wi' TAM the tinkler, I trow.  
 And there will be bow-legged ROBIE,  
 Wi' thumbless KATIE's gude-man;  
 There will be blue-cheeked DOBIE,  
 And LAWRIE, laird of the lan'.  
 And fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

Serap'd haddock, wilks, dulee, and tangles,  
 And mills of snishin' to prie;  
 When weary with eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise and dance till we die.  
 Then fy, let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be lilting there,  
 Jock's to be married to JENNY,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

And there will be girn-again GIBBLE,  
 Wi' him his wife JENNY BELL,  
 And misle-shinn'd MUNGO MACKAPIE,  
 That was ance skipper himself.  
 There the lads and lasses in pearlings,  
 Will brawly feast in the ha',  
 On sybows, rifarts, and earlings,  
 That are baith sodden and raw.  
 And fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be lapp'd milk-kebbucks,  
 And sowens, and farls, and baps;  
 Wi' gude swats, and weel scraped paunches,  
 And brandy in stoups and caps.  
 And there will be buckies and partans,  
 Wi' skink to sup till ye rive;  
 And roasts to roast on a brander,  
 Of flowks that were ta'en alive.  
 And fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.